Courteous READER,

IT is a common Saying, that *One Half of the World does not know how the other Half lives.* To add somewhat to your Knowledge in that Particular, I gave you in a former Almanack, an Account of the Manner of living at *Hudson's-Bay*, and the Effects produced by the exceſſive Cold of that Climate, which ſeem'd ſo ſtrange to ſome of you, that it was taken for a Romance, tho' really authentick.---In this, I ſhall give you ſome Idea of a Country under the Torrid Zone, which for the Variety of its Weather (where one would naturally expect the greateſt Uniformity) is extreamly remarkable. The Account is extracted from the Journal of Monſieur *Bouguer*, one of the *French* Academicians, ſent by their King to meaſure a Degree of Latitude under the Equinoctial, in order to ſettle a Diſpute between the *Engliſh* and *French* Philoſophers concerning the Shape of the Earth, others being at the ſame Time ſent for the ſame Purpoſe to *Lapland*, under the Polar Circle.----The Mountains in that Country are ſo lofty, that the higheſt we have, being compared to them, are mere Mole-hills. This Extract relates chiefly to the Country among thoſe Mountains.

The Method of this Almanack is the ſame I have obſerved for ſome Years paſt; only in the third Column the Names of ſome of the principal fixed Stars are put down againſt thoſe Days on which they come to the Meridian at nine a Clock in the Evening, whereby thoſe unacquainted, may learn to know them. I am,

Your obliged Friend and Servant,

R. SAUNDERS.

A TABLE *ſhewing the Aſſize of Bread in* Pennſylvania.

Price of Wheat, *per* Buſhel.			Penny White.		Penny Middling.		Penny Brown.	
L.	*s.*	*d.*	*Oz.*	*qr.*	*Oz.*	*qr.*	*Oz.*	*qr.*
0	2	6	12	3	16	0	21	0
0	3	0	11	3	15	1	19	3
0	3	6	10	2	13	2	17	0
0	4	0	10	0	12	1	15	3
0	4	6	9	2	11	1	14	0
0	5	0	8	3	10	1	13	0
0	5	6	8	0	9	2	12	1
0	6	0	7	2	9	0	11	3
0	6	6	7	0	8	2	10	2
0	7	0	6	2	8	0	10	0
0	7	6	6	0	7	0	9	0
0	8	0	5	0	6	0	8	0

Note, *The Weights are* Avoirdupois.

The HAPPY MAN.

Sure Peace is his: A ſolid Life, eſtrang'd
To Diſappointment and fallacious Hope,
Rich in Content. THOMSON.

HAppy the Man, who free from noiſy Sports,
And all the Pomp and Pageantry of Courts:
Far from the venal World can live ſecure,
Be moral, honeſt, virtuous----tho' but poor,
Who walking ſtill by Equity's juſt Rules,
Deteſting ſordid Knaves, and flatt'ring Fools:
Regarding neither Fortune, Pow'r, nor State,
Nor ever wiſhing to be vainly great,
Without Malevolence and Spleen can live,
And what his Neighbour wants, with Joy would give;
A Foe to Pride, no Paſſion's guilty Friend,
Obeying Nature, faithful to her End;
Severe in Manners, as in Truth ſevere,
Juſt to himſelf, and to his Friends ſincere;
His Temper even, and his ſteady Mind
Refin'd by Friendſhip, and by Books refin'd.
Some low roof'd Cottage holds the happy Swain,
Unknown to Lux'ry, or her ſervile Train;
He ſtudying Nature grows ſerenely wiſe,
Like *Socrates* he lives, or like him dies.
He aſks no Glory gain'd by hoſtile Arms,
Nor ſighs for Grandeur with her painted Charms.
With calm Indiff'rence views the ſhifting Scene,
Thro' all magnanimous, reſign'd, ſerene.
On Hope ſuſtain'd he treads Life's devious Road,
And knows no Fear, except the Fear of GOD.
Would Heav'n indulgent grant my fond Deſire,
Thus would I live, and thus ſhould Life expire.

EPITAPH on a worthy Clergyman.

STill like his Maſter, known by breaking Bread,
The Good he entertain'd, the Needy fed;
Of Humour eaſy, and of Life unblam'd,
The Friend delighted, while the Prieſt reclaim'd.
The Friend, the Father, and the Huſband gone,
The Prieſt ſtill lives in this recording Stone;
Where pious Eyes may read his Praiſes o'er,
And learn each Grace his Pulpit taught before.

EPITAPH on another Clergyman.

HEre lies, who need not here be nam'd,
For Theologic Knowledge fam'd;
Who all the Bible had by rote,
With all the Comments Calvin wrote;
Parſons and Jeſuits could confute,
Talk Infidels and Quakers mute,
To every Heretick a Foe;
Was he an honeſt Man?------*So ſo.*